

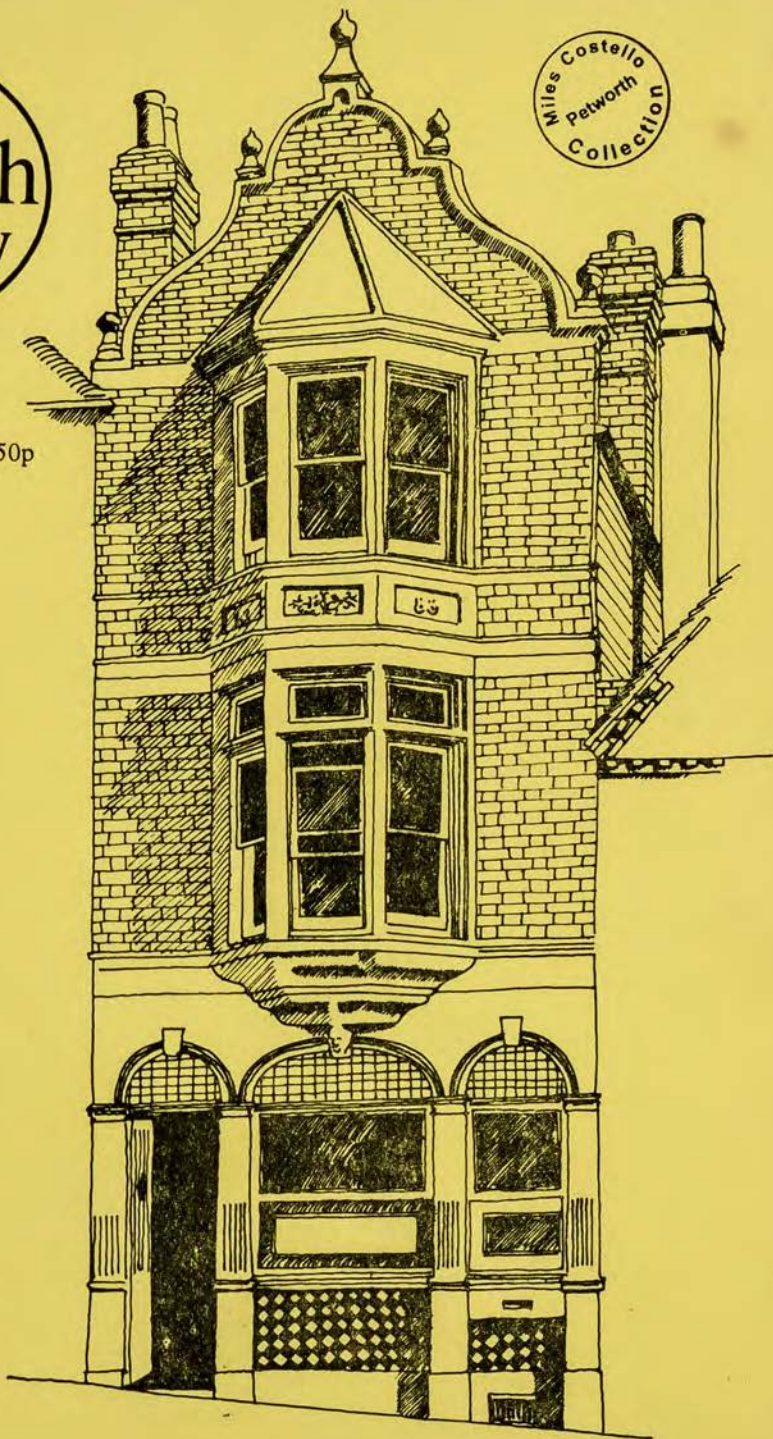
# The Petworth Society

BULLETIN No. 28

JUNE 1982

Price for non-Members 50p

Miles Costello  
Petworth  
Collection



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The Petworth Society was founded in 1974 "to preserve the character and amenities of the town and parish of Petworth, including Byworth; to encourage interest in the history of the district, and to foster a community spirit". It is non-political, non-sectarian, and non-profit-making.

Membership is open to anyone, irrespective of place or residence, who is interested in furthering the objects of the Society.

From March 15th the annual subscription is £2. Postal £3.00 (minimum). Further information may be obtained from any of the following:-

Chairman - Mr. P.A. Jerrome, Trowels, Pound Street,  
Petworth.

Vice-Chairman - Mr. K.C. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.

Hon. Secretary - Mrs. B.G. Johnson, Glebe Cottage, Bartons  
Lane, Petworth. (Tel. 42226)

Hon. Bulletin Sec. - Mrs. Margaret Hill, Whitelocks, Sheepdown  
Close, Petworth.

Hon. Treasurer - Mr. R.A. Sneller, 16 Littlecote,  
Petworth. (Tel. 42507)

Hon. Membership Sec. - Mrs. J. Boss, North Street, Petworth  
assisted by Miss B. Probin

Committee - Lord Egremont, Mrs. Audrey Grimwood,  
Mr. R. Pottington, Mrs. Sonia Rix,  
Mrs. Anne Simmons, Mr. D.S. Sneller,  
Mr. H.W. Speed, Mr. J. Taylor, Miss  
Julia Thompson, Mr. E. Vincent.

As at 6th May 1982.

## CHAIRMAN'S NOTES

The three monthly meetings falling in the quarter since I last wrote all attracted large audiences. In February Mr. Anderson showed examples of legal documents, the types of material on which they might be written and the instruments the scribe would use in engrossing. As he would be writing on what was literally the skin of an animal mistakes were too costly even to be considered. In March Donald Jackson, scribe to the Crown Office at the House of Lords, showed his television film on the history of the alphabet. Unfortunately the sound went astray but, nothing daunted, Donald did his own extempore commentary as a substitute for the lost voice of Susannah York. Donald then described carefully and in detail the putting together of an illuminated presentation scroll, showed other examples of his work, and concluded by cutting goose-feather quills for a fortunate few. The Hall was again packed for the visit of three members of the Copper family from Peacehaven on April 16th. John Copper explained how his father Bob Copper came to write a "A Song for every Season" initially just for the Copper family and how by good fortune it came to be published and then went from strength to strength. They then sang a selection of the old Sussex songs and were joined in some of these by their friend Mr. Lewis of Midhurst. After the A.G.M. in May the new season 1982-3 will begin on Wednesday, October 20th with an illustrated talk on Sussex windmills.

The annual trip to Cooke's House at West Burton at the kind invitation of Miss Courtauld went off very well. About 40 members attended. The weather was magnificent and so were the gardens. Roughly the same number of people attended each of the various walks during the quarter. The summer programme is about to be finalised: there will be several different walks and of course the ever-popular Gardens visit. Details on the separate sheet.

I don't anticipate any great changes on the Committee for the coming year. I always hope there will be a contested election for the new committee but from past experience I would judge this unlikely. Nevertheless every opportunity will be given for those who would like to serve to stand. Mrs. Johnson the secretary will retire from the Committee this year and Miss Probin, while continuing to help Mrs. Boss, will do this without remaining on the Committee. Mrs. Johnson has been secretary for some years and has in that time seen the Society grow from quite small beginnings to its present membership. We are very grateful for all her hard work over the years.

The extraordinary growth in the Society membership over the last two or three years does mean some heavy work for Bob Sneller and Mrs. Boss. Prompt payment of subscriptions would save them the labour of sending out reminder forms. Standing orders particularly have made a lot of work this year and while we will continue with those we already have we will not now accept them from members newly joining.

Lastly please take the items under "Your help please" seriously. They are not put in to fill out the Bulletin; we always have far more material than we can ever fit into a limited number of pages. Miss Barrett-Howard's request for help is a very serious one and in no way simply academic. I shall be very disappointed indeed if, with a readership of 600-700 and a leadership far greater than that, we are unable to find someone to help her in her quest for information on the Howard family.

P.A.J. 6th May 1982.

YOUR HELP PLEASE!

50 East Street  
Crediton, Devon

Tel: Crediton 3171

13th April 82.

Dear Mr. Jerrome,

No doubt you will remember me coming to Petworth a week or two ago trying to discover some details about my late father who died January 1st 1981.

I had always believed him to be \*Charles Francis Howard it was not until he died and I saw his Birth Cert. that I found his name to be Charles Barrett: child of Susan and Charles Barrett of Windsor. Before my mother died 6 weeks after my father: she told how he had been 'brought up' at Petworth by an Aunt and Uncle: Charles and ? Howard a chimney sweep whom I understand had lost a son and took my father giving him their own son's name as \*Charles Francis Howard.

I must thank everyone I contacted during my day at Petworth for the kind reception and help and information which has been of great assistance to me. I certainly enjoyed the day although I had no previous knowledge of my father living there in his early years.

I would like to have looked at the church records to see if I could have established any other details regarding my own father or his Aunt and Uncle but my time did not allow this. Perhaps someone could help me further regarding this. I am interested in knowing who his Aunt and Uncle were and if possible how long my father stayed with them

DETAILS:

CORRECT NAME AND DATE OF BIRTH "CHARLES BARRETT" 5-2-1894

K/A CHARLES FRANCIS HOWARD D OF B POSS: 5-1-1894

I would be grateful for information I could get.

Thankyou again.

Miss W.L. Barrett-Howard

A request from Mr. Allen Flexman.

Downsview  
Duncton  
Petworth  
18-4-82

Dear Peter,

I am interested to discover any information concerning my Sussex Wagon.

On the headboard it carried the name "Alfred LUCKIN, Orfold Farm, Wisborough Green". I cannot find any clues as to the makers. I am particularly interested to discover where and when it was made, as a wheelwright at Loxwood made wagons of the Surrey style which is totally different. I am also anxious to obtain information about farmer LUCKIN. His name is quoted in the Shire Horse Society Register of 1920 along with various other Luckin's of Thakeham Place, Pulborough.

Yours sincerely,

Allen Flexman

Mr. Graham Allen of Blackbrook Farm is anxious to obtain information about a Kirdford gunsmith by the name of Payne who was working about 1775.

Mr. Philip Elliott of 3 Crofton, Lion Lane, Haslemere is researching the various lines of the Elliott family, one line of which was for years at Gunters Bridge Farm. He would be very interested to hear of anyone who has information about any branch of the Elliott family.

### A CARTER REMEMBERS

I was born at Coolham but my earliest memories are really of Chillinghurst in Stag Park. When my mother used to make the long trip into Petworth for shopping she would leave me with Jack Hall, the keeper. "Would you look after Joey? I hope he won't be a nuisance," she'd say and Jack Hall would take me off rabbiting. With half-an-eye on the apple-pie my mother had left me for dinner-time I'd ask Jack Hall whether it was time for dinner. "Why, it's not nine o'clock yet Joey!" he'd say. From Chillinghurst we moved down to the last lodges on the London Road - Copse Green - and I went to Northchapel School, the only school I did go to. From Copse Green we used to take blackberries into the Petworth green-grocers in Lombard Street. They would send them away either for dye or for making jam. They grew well just inside Stag Park and we'd put them into clothes baskets with sheets of white paper round the side and set off with them to Petworth. We would carry the big baskets on prams. I forget what we were paid, ½d or 1d a pound, but we could sometimes make as much as half a crown - a tidy sum in those days. When we tried to pick on Ebernoe Common I remember being turned off more than once - this wasn't our territory! Mr. Selby who lived next door at Copse Green was a Yorkshireman and one day he lost his key. "Could Joey seek my key?" he said in his thick accent. "Where did you have your key, Mr. Selby?" I said. "Over yonder gate," he said. I found the great big key lying by the hedge where he'd been having his lunch and he gave me a penny for finding it.

From Copse Green my father moved to work at Crawfold, Balls Cross. It was here that Tom Holden taught me ploughing. He'd plough, and I, as a lad of 14, would walk on one side of him. "Always keep the wheel hard to the furrow," he'd say. "And if that's too hard bring the draught over." When I left Crawfold at 17 I could plough as well as my father and that used to make him swear. I joined the Army soon after that and was sent to Ireland, but after I'd been in

eighteen months I was discharged. The first war had just finished and those that had joined the latest were the first to be discharged because the Army was reducing the peace-time strength.

I worked briefly at Battlehurst filling in as a cowman - I'd milk the cows in the morning and plough in the afternoon. I wasn't there long but moved on to Frithfold. There I first entered the under-21 ploughing class at Chiddingfold Ploughing Match. Later I would compete at Petworth. At Chiddingfold you simply turned your furrow as you ploughed but at Petworth it was much stricter and you would plough down and plough back producing a split furrow and a groove. Furrows the old hands always referred to as "voors". My first Petworth Match was at Moor Farm in 1930. I was working then for Mr. Holliday at Langhurst Hill Farm, Balls Cross and Mr. Holliday, who was a Warwickshire man, had only had the plough I was to use collected from Petworth Station the previous day. That didn't give me much time to practice, did it? I had the harness all cleaned up of course but the plough itself, a Warwickshire trough-plough, a kind of wooden digger-plough with wheels, was new to me. I had a mare bought from Mr. Barlow at Collins Marsh who was "good down the voors" as they say and I won. Ploughing matches were taken very seriously: there were twenty-nine pairs in action that day so it was quite an achievement. As I was backing and finishing off Lord Leconfield said to me, "You've got a job on there, young man." "I'll be alright sir when I've finished," I replied and I was. When I'd finished his lordship patted me on the back and said, "I wish everyone would do that" - he liked the way I levelled it off at the end. Mr. Holliday had only come to Langhurst Hill in March of that year. Previously I'd worked briefly with Mr. Bastin and then with Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

Ploughing Match day was a long one - I would be up at 4 o'clock instead of the usual 5 o'clock in order to get the horses cleaned up. I'd give them some good grub before they started and do up the nose-bags. You had to be at the match in good time for the start at 10.30. You then had from 10.30 to 2.00 to do your half-acre. Your competition number had already been sent to you beforehand and you would put this on when you started. Then I first competed I hadn't got any horse-brasses and the first I ever bought cost 6d from Jimmy Brooks the harness-maker who had the old hut on the green at Kirdford. It commemorated the coronation of King George V in 1911 and I've still got it. Later my

father let me have some of his own stuff. When you'd finished your piece there was the long wait for the result but in 1930 Mr. Adsett, the old champion, complimented me as soon as I'd finished so I knew I'd done well. At the end you'd tie up the horses and put a couple of rugs over them while you waited. You'd never know the judges - they were never local - and you never quite knew how they'd want you to plough - it could be either a broadcasting or a drilling seam. With a broadcasting seam the furrows would be clearly outlined but with a drilling seam the furrow would tend to be broken up. There was a big meal at the end and then we'd have to walk the horses home. After I'd won in 1930 the Solihull agent sold another ten of the Warwickshire ploughs!

The horses would work through the year: after harvesting we'd get the ploughs out. Often it was quite wet and I'd wear a mac to work in. There were no wellingtons then and I'd wear gaiters which we always called "spats". After ploughing you'd leave it a week before harrowing; corn had to be in by October in those days. Then there was the dung-cart or ploughing up the ground ready for roots and of course rolling the meadows - you could break a cutting knife if you left the molehills. When the corn was up you'd roll the ground to firm it, then harrow it to loosen it up and give it some air. There was horse-hoeing too, a very exact job. I remember the knife having to be sharpened in the morning and at lunch-time. Horses could feel tired just as much as people can and they'd know when it was four o'clock. I knew when my horses were tired and I'd take them into the stables and brush their shoulders. You could tell because **their** heads would drop: but I'd know anyway. You could work them till late at night but only when the task was light, for instance at harvest-time when they'd be loading and standing still for long periods. Otherwise they would leave the stable at 6.45 ready to start out at 7.00. We'd work until 9.00 to 9.30, then they'd put on a nosebag. Then they'd go on until 1200 or so and be back at 1.00 to work on till about 4.00, then you'd take off the harness and give them some good grub. Sometimes I'd give them some cow food for a change - they loved that - groundnut cake, maize-meal etc. all mixed up. It was good for them unless you gave them too much of it. Their basic diet was crushed oats and chaff - not too many oats though or they would get frisky. I'd brush them down beginning with the head - if the weather was sunny I'd put the collars outside to dry. Six days a week we worked. No, I didn't have Saturday afternoons off and the first holiday I had was in 1942. You couldn't have a holiday if you had horses. Sundays too you couldn't forget about them. "Feed your horses

Sunday same as weekdays," my father would always say and on Sundays we'd feed them, clean them out, put straw under their feet, and give them hay. We'd look in at 12 o'clock, 4 o'clock tea-time and then at 7 o'clock to rack them up. We always used straw - I didn't like bracken because it was always full of ticks and that sort of thing. After that we might think of going up the pub, walking up to Balls Cross when I was at Langhurst Hill but at harvest-time of course we didn't get any free time at all. What we did get of course was a free tea - bread in hunks as thick as your arm and half pound blocks of cheese with a pint of beer for the boys and a quart for the men.

In my early days as second carter at Crawfold I had the "Shackler" - the horse that was used for odd jobs - a sort of "odd man" horse. He'd go down to collect things at the station for instance, or do the dung cart or take corn for the drill. The odd horse "shackled" about doing anything that needed doing. Horses know instinctively if you don't feel confident - I never hit them, never used a stick on a horse in my life nor ever needed to. "Ready boys", I'd say, "Gee up" and off they'd go. I would whistle and sing to them: after all the horses and I were alone together for long periods as if the rest of the world didn't exist. I'd talk to the horses all the time - people would laugh and say, "Joe's talking to his horses again," but I didn't care.

Joe Knight was talking to John Grimwood and the Editor.

### ROOKS

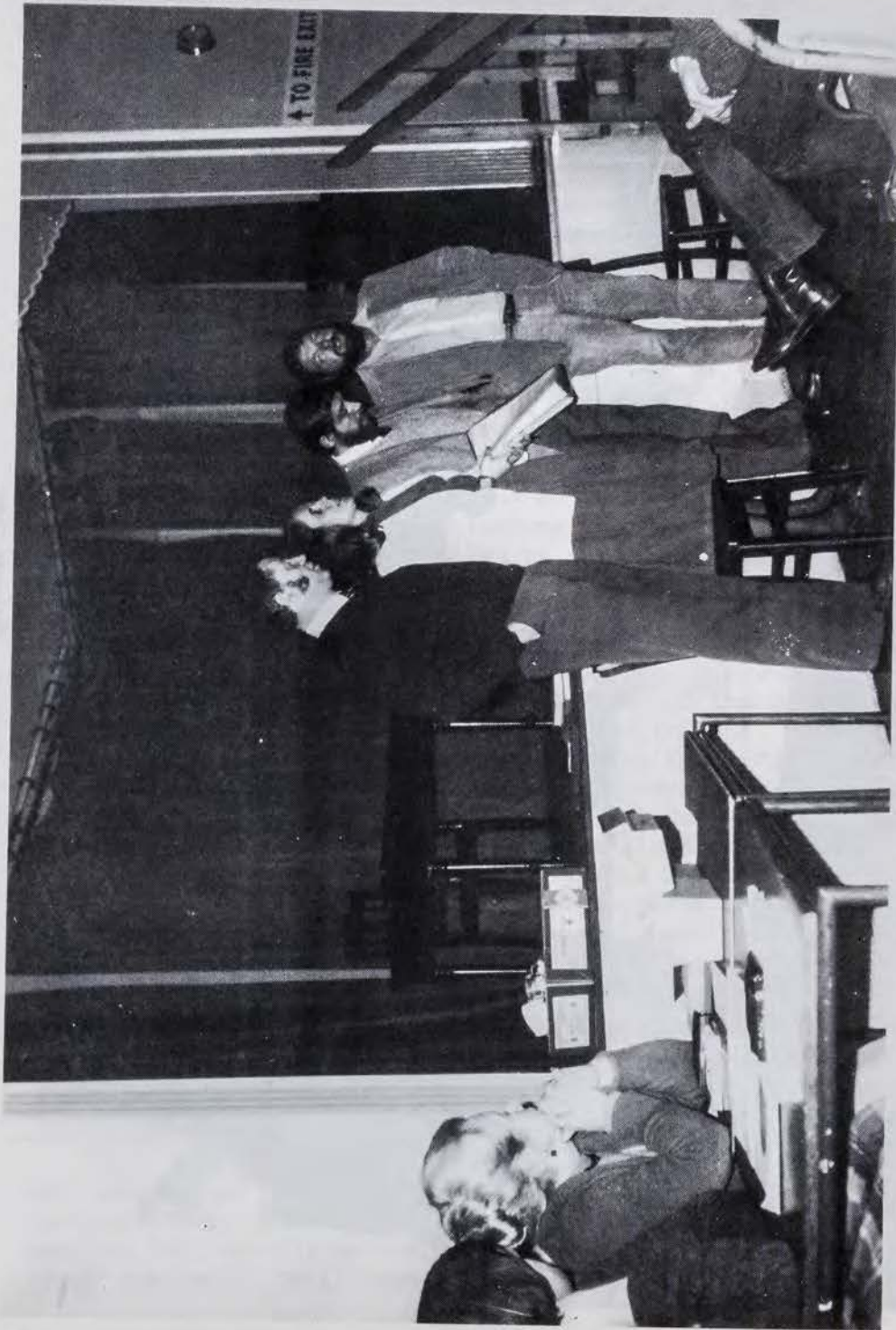
As the morning sun lights the skies of night and heralds a new day, the rooks, those big black birds of the country, come once more to life. Strange they may be, but not as senseless or as harmful as men like to think they are. Their daily programme is as efficient as our own. How often we see them during the day, singly or in pairs, in small groups or in flocks or simply as a jumble of black dots circling high in the summer or autumn air, perhaps following the plough on the new-turned earth, vying with and cursing the seagulls till one or other takes over to prod and pick for grubs and worms - or tearing at a cowpat to find the unsuspecting lush white grubs of the crane-fly.

Often too we watch them pilfering and poaching from other birds but rarely fighting each other. How often though have we seen an enormous rook ducking, dodging and weaving away from an

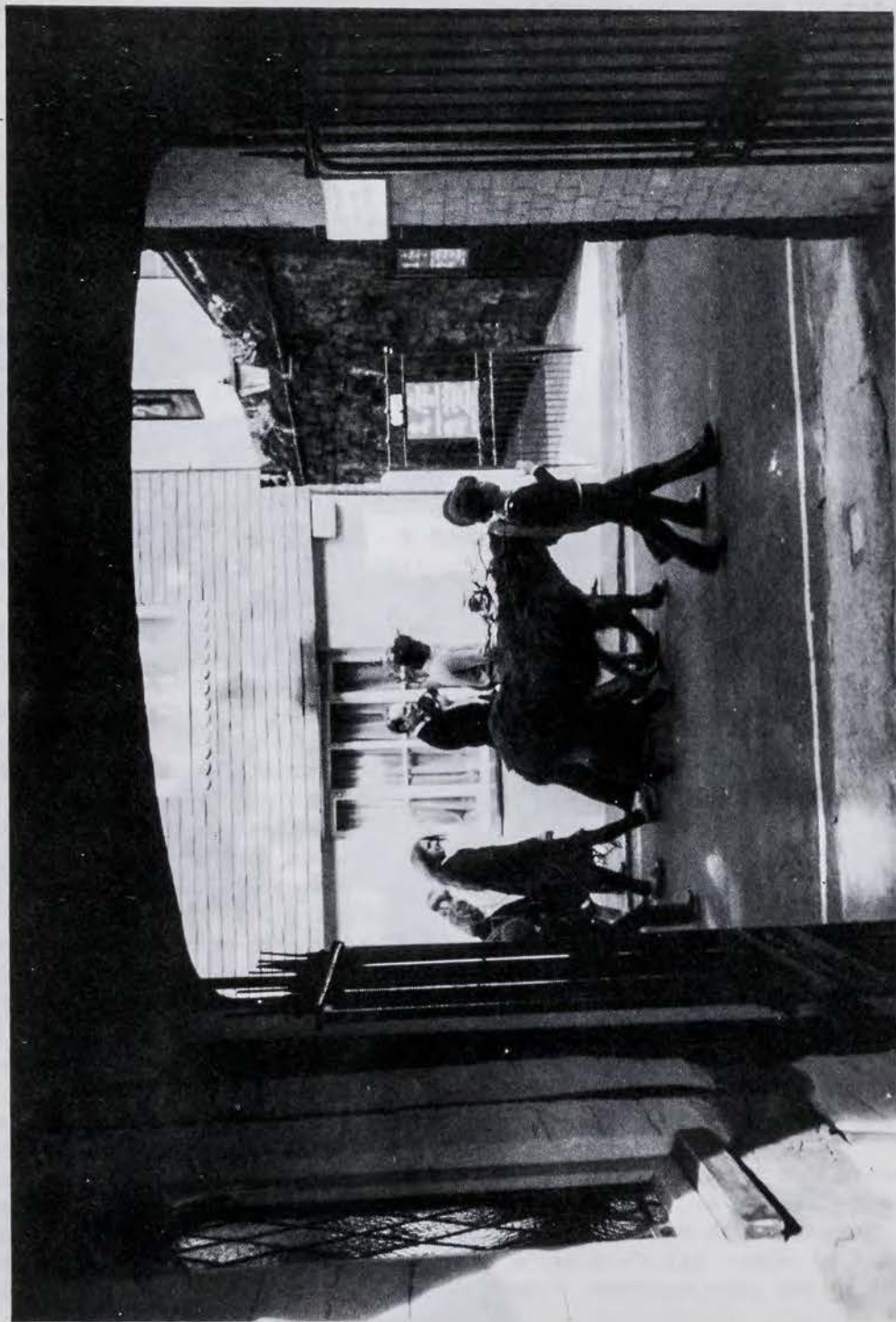
aggrieved pursuer. Sometimes a single determined sparrow or tit, sometimes a whole group of small birds, but all the while, whether one or many, they harass without mercy the bundle of confused black feathers caught in the very act of pillaging a nest. So guilty and flustered the rook seems as he croaks his apologies, one almost feels sorry for him. Sometimes too a single rook can be heard talking to himself - short sharp bursts of squawk ending up in long broken guttural chuckles. We look up and smile at the rook but he is probably chuckling to himself as he views the antics we humans get up to. "What the hell is that lot down there going to foul up today? They're never happy unless they're killing someone - even if it's themselves. They come after us with guns to kill our young in spring and blame us for things we do not do to their crops while they spray and poison themselves with weedkillers and artificials, cut and burn down trees, hedges and stubble fields, never stopping for one moment to wonder if they really know what they're doing. We've been here for countless generations and we're truly local but half of them haven't been here five minutes and think they can run the place. I doubt if they'd listen if we told them the older ways were better!"

Whatever the weather, just as it's getting light, the black figures fly into Petworth from all round, singly or in flocks muttering and cawing to each other congregating round the church tower, to then be joined by others until whole groups of rooks are circling and wheeling round the tower. Finally they settle on the tower roof until it is black with them. Others are on the old weather vane and still others round the parapet. The black blobs of bird sit there preening and staring cold-eyed into space, and now strangely silent. "What do they know that we don't?", we think to ourselves. "And what have they been so busy nattering about at that time of day and then so suddenly fallen silent. Perhaps they've just been discussing what they did yesterday or what they're going to do today. Ominous they look at that time of day and ominous no doubt their intention."

After five minutes or so on the tower all of a sudden they get up and go in all directions. To us they all look the same - jet-black and alike. Maybe they've dropped in for a quick prayer before the day's exertions. Now and again during the day the occasional rook will call in at the tower with a message but after that first morning call you'll hardly see them there at all in any numbers. Perhaps they just come to warm themselves on the tower roof, taking advantage of the heating after a chilly night in the branches. Did you ever see a rook asleep? Perhaps they perch or



The Copper family entertain the Petworth Society on April 16th.



"Palm Sunday". Petworth 1982.

squat on the old empty nest? I expect they decide in the early morning who will attend funerals, weddings and christenings. The older ones perhaps for duty at funerals, the very youngest at christenings.

If you see them during the day speak to them as if they can hear you and listen to them as if you can understand them. Look up at the church tower early mornings and when you do, think long and hard on what may be passing through their minds!

J.T.

#### MR. GARLAND AND MR. CHANT

When I first met Mr. George Garland, it was in the spring of 1934. He arrived on his motor bike complete with mac and wellingtons which he always carried around with him when visiting farms in winter time. My five year old son and I were visiting my parents, and it was lambing time. The lambing yard was just at the back of our house and my son was thrilled to see so many little lambs, with their mothers, all nice and cosy in their little houses in this lovely warm lambing yard.

The suddenly a voice said, "Ah! I thought this is where I would find you, Mrs. Chant said you were busy in the lambing yard." It was Mr. Garland. Then seeing my young son he said, "I see you have got an under shepherd working with you today." "Yes, Mr. Garland, Saturdays and holidays he is my under shepherd." There was a grin on my little boy's face, from ear to ear, "Ah! wait till I tell the kids at school on Monday that I'm now my grandads under shepherd." He enjoyed being with my father and the sheep, it was something entirely new for him. Then of course came the day when the two shepherds went home to dinner and when they returned what did they find? Two new little baby lambs. Well! "Grandad where did they come from they were not there when we went home to dinner were they?" The look of surprise on his face, he could'nt make it out at all. The lambing yard gate was shut and the dog was on guard just inside, so no one could have brought them in, for the mothers to look after them. It was such a mystery, he could'nt make it out at all.

Mr. Garland had come to see my father, as it was to be his last lambing season. He says, "I must take some more photos of you working for you will be retiring in September. How do you feel about leaving?" "Well when it's wet and cold, I feel I've had



enough, for I've been working as a shepherd boy since I was eight years old, I shall miss the life and my work. For a shepherd I've always been and if I had my time over again a shepherd I'd always be." "Well", said Mr. Garland, "You old shepherds are a dying breed, they are getting fewer and fewer and there will never be shepherds like you again, times have changed, working conditions as well."

My father visited Findon Fair after he retired. We used to take him along. It meant a lot to the old chap and made a lovely day out for him. He used to meet old timers and hear news of others, like himself some had retired, others had died, but most of all it made his day if he could, or least, when he bumped into his former boss and Mr. Garland, for he had known them both a good many years.

Looking through "Proud Petworth and Beyond" with my brother we saw a picture of sheep going up Long Furlong towards Findon. He said, "I remember when I was about ten years old, helping dad to drive the sheep to Findon from Avenals Farm, Angmering, but in those days the downs were not fenced in and the sheep used to graze quietly and go at a steady pace so when they arrived at the Fair they were still quite fresh". That was a good many years ago, for my brother is now in his late seventies.

from Mrs. Poile,  
107 Connaught Avenue,  
Shoreham-by-Sea.

### WHAT IS A GRANNY?

A Grandmother is a lady, who has no children of her own.  
Like other peoples boys and girls.  
Grandmas don't have anything to do except be there.  
They take us for walks, they slow down past pretty leaves  
and caterpillars.

They never say 'hurry up'  
Usually they are fat, but not too fat, to tie up our shoes.  
They wear glasses, and sometimes, they can take their teeth  
out.

They can answer questions, like why dogs hate cats,  
And why God is not married.

When they read to us they don't skip words, or mind if it's  
the same story again.

Everyone should try to have a Grandma, specially if you  
don't have Television.

Because Grandma's are the only grown ups who have time.

(I do not know the origin of this but it was given to Mrs. Poile  
as from one granny to another. Ed.)

### SEEING THE PRINCE OF WALES

It was in 1899 when my mother was a little girl that there was great excitement because the Prince of Wales (later to be King Edward VII) was coming to the station. He was going to visit Lord Leconfield. The station was painted and cleaned as never before - even the chocolate machines had a new coat of paint.

All the children from the station cottages opposite were allowed to go on to the station to stand by one side, as their father's were porters or station staff. This didn't apply to my mother, as although Grandad Clarke worked for the railway, he worked along the line, therefore his children were not allowed on the platform.

The other fortunate children made sure they showed her their clean white starched pinnies, and their best Sunday clothes, telling her and her younger brother that they were going to see the King and they weren't.

However Granny Clarke told them to go down to the bottom of the garden and climb on the bank there, this made them only a few feet from the line and about eye level to the train windows.

She remembers the Royal Train shining as it rounded the bend and slowed up on it's approach to the station. There was King Edward in the compartment, she and her brother waved for all they were worth - and he turned round, lifted his hat and smiled at them. She was so close she could see the colour of his eyes, she says.

When he arrived at the station, he walked across the red carpet inside the station and out to a waiting horse and carriage quite quickly and the other children hardly had a chance to see him! So she was very thrilled as you can imagine.

Incidentally Granny Clarke had often told us how when she first rented her bungalow, 1/6 a week, she and her mother (Mrs. Stevens who was the local midwife) had to scrub the floors with soda water to try and remove the paraffin stains and grease from where the

porters had used to fill the lamps when it had been Norwood Station.

When my mother's younger brother was a little older he used to deliver telegrams. When he had any to take to Major Courtauld in the evenings when it was dark and wintry he was rather scared. Granny would wake my mother and she would dress and go with him.

Both were scared with the noises of the trees, but it was worse for her because he would leave her outside and at a distance, while he would take the telegram inside. Sometimes it was quite a long time as he had to wait for a reply and by the time he came out she was very frightened indeed. The kitchen staff meanwhile had given him bowls of dripping and meat to take home which was very welcome to them but they always dreaded going.

From Mrs. Wynne Labbett  
6 Cheyne Walk  
Addiscombe  
Croydon, CRO 7HG.

### THE THIRD EARL'S POSTILION IS ACCUSED OF FRAUD 1801 (2)

Moss presented regular bills to George Barrett the paymaster duly countersigned by George Bird, the head groom, and claiming the full quota for hay, corn and ostler's fees. These were made out on printed tickets of the Kings Arms at Godalming and for a long time George Barrett had simply reimbursed for them. What eventually aroused Barrett's suspicions was his observation that the handwriting on Moss' own statements and the handwriting on the Kings Arms vouchers was apparently identical. When, after consulting with Mr. Ryder, a letter was dispatched to Mr. Moon the landlord of the Kings Arms, Barrett's suspicions were confirmed and Moss committed to the Bridewell to stand trial. The offence was not technically one of forgery as Moss had not in fact signed the Kings Arms vouchers with the name of the ostler, rather he had signed them with his own name. As the ostler pointed out he had clearly at some time filched for himself a supply of blank printed vouchers from the stable where they were kept.

The prosecution brief points out that the Earl of Egremont had no great enthusiasm for prosecuting a trusted servant but feels he has a social duty to do so. His lordship was conscious also of the abuse of his confidence. The wilful neglect of his horses,

the slur on his reputation by the allegation that he forced his horses to make long journeys without adequate provender and "above all, the encouragement which the permitting such an offence, when discovered, to pass unpunished, would hold out to other servants." His lordship hopes that the full rigour of the law i.e. a sentence of transportation will not be carried out.

Two specimen charges would be brought: George Barrett would testify that for the period 16th August to 11th October 1800 in an account totalling in all £8.7.6. there had been included vouchers for 6/-, 6/-, 4/6<sup>d</sup> and 7/6<sup>d</sup> respectively for baiting horses at Godalming when in fact Moss has paid out only 3/6<sup>d</sup> in ostler's fees and neglected entirely to provide for the horses. He had thus drawn £1.4.0. but paid out only 3/6<sup>d</sup> thereby defrauding the Earl of £1.0.6<sup>d</sup>. Similarly in his bill for the period 11th October to 8th November Moss had produced Kings Arms vouchers for 7/6<sup>d</sup>, 6/-, 6/- and 7/6<sup>d</sup> some £1.7.0. in all but had in fact paid only 4/- in ostler's fees and 12/- for hay and corn. This last the prosecution claimed only "in consequence of his knowing that suspicions were aroused of his knavery." This still left a balance of 11/- against the Earl.

Thomas Hanford "a steady careful man" and some twenty years ostler at the Kings Arms kept a book for sales of hay and corn. He would testify that Moss would not have his horses fed, alleging that Lord Egremont would make no allowance for them and that for the period 11th September to 8th November except for the 12/- already mentioned the horses, although several times stabled at the Kings Arms, had had neither hay nor corn. Hanford had not made out the vouchers on which George Barrett had reimbursed, and indeed was in the custom of writing them out himself in his own hand.

Moss (predictably) was found guilty of fraud but received (for the time) a fairly minor punishment - what (as no doubt with Thomas Luff a year later) would cause him very serious difficulty would be the loss at one blow of both his position and his character. The Earl and Mr. Tyler might in their turn hope that the significance of this cautionary tale might not be lost on others with similar temptation and inclination.

P.A.J.

### J'S BULLETIN WALK

This walk takes about 2 hours and can be a bit muddy in places, wellington boots are probably the safest bet.

There are some exceptional views along the way and often it pays to look back as well as forward.

We need a car to reach our starting point and leave Petworth by Station Road, passing Coultershaw Mill Pond and the old railway station, on reaching the garage at the top of the hill we turn into the lane immediately above this to our right, drive past the cottages and park without obstructing the right of way. Now walk on into the woods following the Bridleway signs until a Footpath sign points off to our left, follow this through the tall pines up to a Footpath Crossroads sign, here we turn left out of the pines, down a hill and over a small bridge into a smaller pine tree forest where the path moves off to our right, stick to the signs which change direction frequently until the path forks, here we must take the right hand fork and carry on to the road. Cross straight over the road and pause for a moment in the gateway, Duncton can be seen on the skyline and we must set our sights on the Roman Catholic Church, the footpath has been ploughed over but it does run in a straight line to the cottages by the church falling just to the left of Redlands Farmhouse. On reaching the cottages our path crosses over the stile between the gardens and out onto the busy Chichester road, we must cross over and pick up our path again to the right side of the Church, through the iron kissing gate and along the edge of the field past the line of gnarled chestnut trees providing homes for dozens of jackdaws.

On reaching a stile we cross over and carry straight on to the left of the tiny church. A short stop at this lovely little church is well worthwhile, it was built around 1075 and has a Font which is among the earliest in Sussex.

Now we walk on along the road with the buildings of St. Michael's School on our right until we reach a footpath crossroads sign, turn left over the tiny stile and pass by the right hand side of Black Pond following signs along the edge of the field skirting the pond and out onto the farm lane. Here we turn right and follow the lane through the farm and on reaching the road cross over into Burton Rough, this path curves round to the left and we come out at Heath End Garage and quite close to the car. I enjoy this walk and find there is something of interest all along the way, it is a pity some of the path has been ploughed over, but when paths are seldom walked this often happens, we are lucky that the footpath signs are so well kept up to show us the way.

## THE LORE OF THE EBERNOE COMMONERS (2)

So much for the working of the Commons but life was not all work and both Old and Young Commoners found time for play. Cricket, stoolball, football and the annual Horn Fair all went on, on the Commons. Children played their own games on the Common round the school - "Sheep, sheep come home!" was one favourite - and marbles were popular on Langhurst Common. Opposite Great Allfields gates, the girls played cricket amongst themselves. The boys couldn't resist joining in and bowled under arm, batted left handed etc. to even up the game.

Of course there wasn't the cricket those days like there is now. Take the Ebernoe Cricket ground for a start. There were the Commoners' cattle grazing all over it and when there was a match the boys would be put to driving off the cattle, then shovelling up their droppings into a wheel barrow and clearing up all the mole hills about the place to cover up the worst of what was left around the wicket. For this they would get 4d between them. The Cricket Club tried putting up a wire fence just round the wicket square but that only brought the cows in more than ever. They liked to rub against the wire when the flies were stinging and keeping it in repair was hard work. Eventually in the 1930's the then Club President, the 'Admiral', asked the Leconfield Estate for permission to fence off the whole cricket ground. The Estate gave permission but before anything could be done the Commoners had to sign away their grazing rights over the cricket ground. They all did this except for the Holden Brothers of Willand Farm who said that they were not against the fencing but would not sign away their rights. The fence was put up and is still there today.

Cricket was played on Colhook Common. Before World War II no cricket matches were played on Sundays. So Sunday games went on, on Colhook Common. Some years Colhook was the backbone of the Ebernoe Cricket team.

They also played football on Colhook Common. The Colhook boys formed a team called the Salmon Tin Rovers having quarter colours, one front red and the other green and opposite at the back. When they used to have a new football they all had to pay about 1/- each. One man had to get the ball and then collect the money which was the biggest job of all for to find a shilling all at once those days was a job, as that was about a fortnight's pocket money. Matches were played on Sundays and practices carried on in the winter evenings when a lantern was put in the middle of the pitch.

After play all used to gather under the shelter of a faggot stack which every cottage had, which was their winter fuel. Some had melodions, some tamboureens and some mouth organs and all had a jolly good sing song, after which all retired to bed. One of those tamboureens is still about.

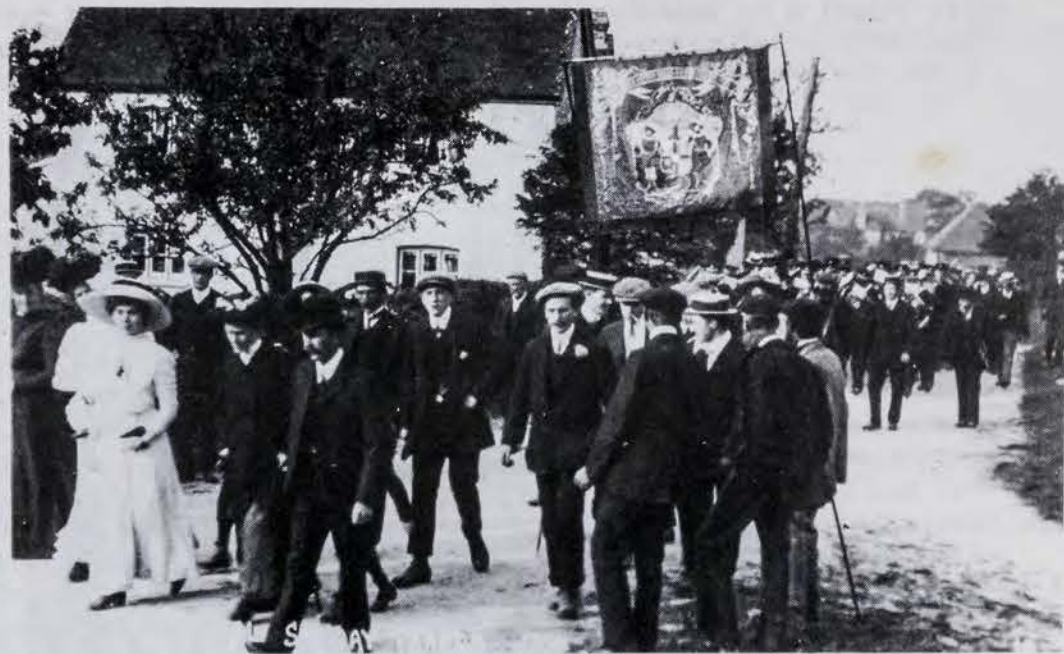
Football was played at Balls Cross and much later, after World War 11 became a serious business, the team ending up by playing in a field on a proper pitch and winning their way through to the Horsham League 1st Division. They used the Stag Inn as a dressing room, having a tin bath before the down fire to wash in after play, followed by dart teas and sing songs.

There are people who remember playing stoolball as a family game on Sundays, long before the 20th Century revival. It was played on the Common in front of Ebernoe School in the 1920's, and in 1931 the Ebernoe Stoolball Club was formed. The Ebernoe Cricket Club were very kind to the ladies and let them use the cricket ground for 1/- a match. At first the Club borrowed the Ebernoe school equipment but soon raised enough money to buy their own from whist drives held in the cricket pavillion. The average number of people attending those functions being 38 and the average total profits £1.10s.11d. Balls cost 2/-. Matches were played on Wednesday afternoons and at least one young mother would push her baby in a pram a good mile to get to play. A Club Secretary was elected in 1932 and in 1982 the same Secretary is still inoffice, 50 years on.

Horn Fair was the one day of the year for Ebernoe and the surrounding villages, looked forward to by old and young alike. People remember looking down across the fields at the back of the Colhook cottages and seeing the caravans parked at Streels Gate. Those days they were not allowed on the fair ground until 24 hours before the fair and had to be gone 24 hours after. The Fair people put their horses in what is called the Moor behind Ebernoe House. Mr. Andrew Smith of that very well known Fair Family took charge of collecting the money for the keep of the horses and paid so much a day. The cricket match was as great a part of the day then as now. The highest scorer on the winning side taking the horns which were always presented by the Squire of the place or his next of kin. Those days the whole hot dinner for the Teams was cooked on open fires, out of doors, all the crockery and cutlery etc. being brought from one of the farms by horse and cart and taken back for washing up. The Scorers sat in a tent down where the present day sheep is roasted. The pavilion was built in 1926 and moved to it's pre-



Joe Knight using his Warwickshire "trough-plough" at Petworth Ploughing Match Moor Farm 1930. (see "A carter remembers"). Photograph by George Garland.



Graffham Hospital Sunday Parade 1910.



Graffham - The White Horse Inn c1910.

Both pictures are taken from old postcards. (see "Petworth and Graffham")



George Chant (left) talking to fellow-shepherds Tom Godding (centre) and George Humphreys (right) at Findon Fair in the mid-1930's. Photograph by George Garland. (see "Mr. Garland and Mr. Chant").



Ephraim Holden basting the horned sheep at Ebernoe Horn Fair in 1937.  
Photograph by George Garland. (see "The lore of the Ebernoe Commoners").

sent site in c.1970 and only then were there any modern conveniences installed.

One of the many things said about the Fair was that it was for horse trading. That could have been true because people can remember Mr. Wallace Lunn buying a horse off the Fair Family called Hammonds from Hambledon in Surrey.

The horned sheep roasted for the Teams lunch was bought from the butcher up to 1939. On only one occasion during the last 80 years can anyone remember the cricket being played on 26th July up at Highnoons instead of on 25th July on Ebernoe Green. Highnoons used to belong to Cook's Jam Factory and they never took the horns when their side won the match. Their horns hang in the pavilion to this day.

In the 1930's times were hard and the Fair began to fall away and only by a very great effort all round, organising darts competitions etc., did it make a comeback. During World War II some of the Commoners put up poles, tables etc. on the Green every 25th July as they said that retained the right to the ground for the Fair to be held again after the War, which it was and still is. When meat was rationed, deer were presented by the Leconfield Estate for the roasting. Since then the Estate have given the horned sheep for the lunch and of late years Lord Egremont has come along to enjoy the feast as well as present the horns.

A carefully preserved cutting from the SOUTHERN WEEKLY NEWS, 9th April, 1938, of an article headed "THE VILLAGE WHERE TIME STANDS STILL - Ebernoe dislikes this 'new fangled' idea of Summer time", tells how some of the Old Commoners never put their clocks on for British Summer time (which started in 1916!). The paper quotes the late Mr. David Baker of Golden Knob : "Well. I've seen 73 Christmases go by so the time doesn't trouble me much, so after a day or two I expect I had better put it on. I'm going to put it on half an hour and get up at the same time." Asked what time that would be he replied: "Well either when I wake up or a little afterwards - so the clock won't make any difference!" The late Mr. Ephraim Holden of Willand is reported to have said: "Why should we use this new time? We are our own masters, we employ nobody and for another thing it is no good to us....." His brother the late Mr. Walter Holden said: "We are a family of nine, six living in Ebernoe and we all go by the old time. It might be awkward if we went out but mostly we stay indoors and we can always calculate that the clock is an hour slow. In our own lives we go

by the same time year in and year out." The late Mr. & Mrs. Luke Wadey (the second couple to be married in Ebernoe Church) said: "Clocks don't make any difference to us nowadays, because we get up when we want to and go to bed when we want to."

There you have the Old Commoners, some couldn't read or write, had never been to London, seen the sea or a train and refused to ride in a motor bus.

### YOUR HELP PLEASE!

Mrs. Sky from Australia on her first ever visit to Petworth writes:

"My mother told me that she was one of seven children who went out from Petworth to Australia exactly a hundred years ago with their parents Alfred and Emma Christmas (nee Yolland). My grandmother was born in Walthamstow but I was always told that the family had a draper's shop in the middle of the town. My mother born Florence Christmas, had lived in Petworth as a child in the late 1870's and could remember sailing for Sydney on a sailingship when she was 9 or 10. My grandmother died quite quickly after the family's arrival in Australia but I well remember Grandfather Christmas. I think he may well have been a draper in Australia. Kelly's Directory for 1878 gives "Alfred George Christmas : Tailor and Outfitter Lombard Street" but he does not appear in the 1882 directory. Does anyone know anything of the Christmas family or does anyone know where in Lombard Street the Christmas draper's shop may have been?

My daughter Mrs. F.J. Ingram,  
29 Avon Close,  
FARNBOROUGH,  
Hants.

would be very pleased to have any information."

### PETWORTH CINEMA (1) EARLY DAYS

(Mr. Stanley Collins' recollections which will be serialised in this and succeeding Bulletins are effectively a history of the cinema at Petworth. For Petworth people Mr. and Mrs. Collins mean the cinema. This first extract deals with the very earliest pioneering days, long before the talkies, when the travelling cinema came to the Swan Hotel. I have left in Mr. Collins' technical descriptions of equipment because they are of the greatest interest in the context of early cinema history. Ed.)

I was born at Barnsgate Farm, Byworth which is a small hamlet of some 200 inhabitants situated about one mile south-west of Petworth and being the eldest son of a family of Four (two boys and two girls). From an early age of three years I was sent to the local church School in the village because I could'nt or would'nt talk, I was told later on in years, that this set back could have been attributed to the daily help who worked for my parents at the Farm house who left me alone in the bath while attending to some other duty and I was nearly drowned. However, after several weeks at school and mixing with other children I soon came home chattering with words I knew little of, much to the amazement of my parents. Even at that young age I can remember calling and feeding the ducks and chickens and picking up the eggs from all sort of places around the yard.

In the field adjoining there were two large hollow oak trees approx. 100 years old which I loved climbing up inside with other children which enabled me to look out through the holes in the trunk from the decayed branches. Three years later my parents gave up the farm to open up a Dairy business in Petworth and I was old enough at six years to be sent to the local Council school in the Town. With a lot of hard work the business began to grow with the addition of a milk round, and although I was only seven years of age I was expected to do some kind of useful work, to deliver Milk, Cream and Eggs to customers in the Town. I used to get up each morning about 6.30 a.m. to help my Mother to do the separating; this was a machine turned by hand which was fixed and bolted down on to a heavy slate slab. It took several minutes to get the speed up as it was geared so high to separate the cream from the milk with outlets from either side. I was given a silver sixpence for my pocket money each week, which was a lot of cash to earn for a child of my age in those days. Threepence I would spend to go to the local travelling Cinema at the Swan Assembly Hall the other

threepence I would put away in the Post Office for my holiday money. Many a time I would fall off to sleep during the showing of a film which could have been caused through sitting too near the screen with sub-titles flashing on and off, I always looked forward to my Saturday film entertainment. For my school holiday I was sent to my Aunt and Uncle at Enfield Lock, Middlesex who had an off licence and Grocery business. Twice a week I would help another young roundsman to push and deliver by hand cart many crates of beer around the neighbourhood, serving long rows of terraced houses to customers. This of course was no other than a hard working holiday, but it had its compensations and made a complete change from the lone country and dusty roads where pavements did not exist. My relatives at Enfield lived almost adjacent to the railway station and during the wet weather I would sit upstairs in the lounge looking out of the large bay window watching the express trains roaring through the station going north. Saturday's were devoted to the Cinema. My Aunts daily help would take me to Waltham Cross some five miles away, travelling either by train or by tram from Enfield Highway; this was the nearest Cinema to us. There were times I had the joy to go to a Music Hall at the Edmonton Empire admission prices at 1/6d if you sat in the gods.

Sunday mornings were devoted to picking up all the silver coins that were dropped on the floor between empty bottles and the pound notes were pierced through on to an ordinary wire file, as there was no time to open a drawer for this purpose during the rush time lunch hour when factory workers called in for their usual daily pinta to take home. This property belonged to my Grand parents which they named as Chichester House where they onced live in Chichester. My Grand mother being a Solicitor's Daughter and my Grandfather an engineer who worked in Portsmouth Dockyard in a small factory. He was the inventor of the first sword made adjustable to fix on to a service rifle (a bayonet as we know it today). For his services as an engineer he was later transferred to the small arms factory at Enfield Lock, Middlesex. So with a prosperous business and no children of their own to help, I had plenty to do. So after three weeks my holiday came to a close and my Aunt would take me with her to London for my last day of my holiday to see the sights. Rather than take a horse bus she would walk with me from Liverpool Street station over London Bridge to London Bridge Station this was very interesting for me, to see the many steamers on the river. We eventually arrived at the Station and I was put on the train to Petworth in charge of the guard where my father was waiting at the Station to pick me up in the

milk float. After two or three days I soon got down to my usual duties at home. On my Tenth birthday my parents bought me my first cycle as I had already learnt to ride. This was almost a new machine costing £3.0.0. The object of owning a machine, was for me to deliver milk, cream and eggs to outlandish places. I had a leather strap stitched around the handle bar to enable me to carry 2 galls of milk. My first port of call would be Byworth and then on to Caultershaw and from Petworth again to Upperton delivering goods to the large houses on my return journey. I would cover approx. 20 miles each day before and after school hours in all weathers including Sundays, but with all my activities I found time in the evenings to join the local Boy's scouts and I was very pleased and proud of myself of passing my first tenderfoot badge and later with other coveted awards. I was also a choir boy at St. Mary's Church so my time was fully occupied each day, so I could not get into mischief along with other boy's of my own age. Time marched on and each week and month doing the same errands, but always looking forward to my usual Summer holidays at Enfield Lock in spite of pushing hand carts around. I was coming up to 13 years of age when I left the Petworth Boys Council school as my parents were able to afford by sending me to the Midhurst Grammar School. This meant cycling from the Town to Petworth Station some 2 miles away, but I was used to cycling doing my daily rounds for my parents where the horse and float took over from me. From Midhurst Station a long walk of 1½ miles with other Grammararians to the school. Many a time coming home from school walking to the station with bags on our backs with our homework for the next day's school sessions, as soon as the train left the station it would not be long before an argument would occur somebody's bag or school cap would be thrown out of the window. This meant of course one had to inform the only porter at Selham Station which was our next stop to inform him that one of our boys had accidentally been leaning out of the window and his cap and bag fell on to the line. The Porter was used to this sort of thing and just grunted to himself; he knew that for his trouble he would be well repaid by walking along the line by receiving a packet of 20 Woodbines we all clubbed together to get. We were always lucky in picking up our belongings the next day. Of course our homework had to be shared with others and we more or less copied from each other for the next days lessons. When we finished our homework one or two of our friends would come along to join us for the rest of the evening to sing songs around the piano accompanied by a banjo and drums etc. although not always in harmony. There were times when some lively village lads would



throw sand or dirt at the window, but nothing would stop us when we got going. As to what our parents must have put up with living under this noise we didn't give it a thought. Down in the cellar usually on a Saturday evening I gave Cinema shows. I purchased a hand wound 35MM film projector from Gamages from my Post Office savings. I had many pieces of film which I joined together and made into a loop. These strips of films would consist of a plane taking off and landing, another a train rushing through and entering a tunnel and seeing it come out of the other end and stop within a few inches of somebody on the line. For comedy, there was Charlie Chaplin. Fatty Arbuckle-Chester Conklin, Harold Lloyd, they would jump out of a large high window into a small bath of water. We had many laughable episodes including cartoons. There was Felix the Cat - The Pen and Ink series. All of these strips of film were made into loops that could be repeated as long as your arm would let you keep turning. I usually gave an hour's performance broken with an interval of 10 minutes. The price charged for admission was 1d this included one chocolate drop and a small wine glass of very weak lemonade. The lighting for the projector was a two burner oil lamp with a metal reflector, not altogether successful when showing off dark prints. To improve the light I fitted an incandescent gas mantle supplied with a long rubber tube from the ceiling fitting. This gave almost twice the light, but one could not touch the lamp-house because of the heat. This was very dangerous using nitrate films and we always had a bucket of water handy in case of any emergency. We all enjoyed the show and used to look forward to the next one. I remember swapping a very good pair of football boots given to me for a birthday for about 30ft of film. At sixteen of age I left The Midhurst Grammar School, this was a little before time, because one had to give at least one term's notice before leaving and we were not sure of the outcome or even a date when we would hear from my application for an apprentice with the Wolseley Motor Company. It could be one month or six months when a vacancy would occur. They certainly had a long waiting list. So during the long waiting period I wanted something interesting to do other than running around Town with a milk bucket and other Dairy products. However a bit of luck came my way; advertised in the Chichester Observer, our local paper, one of our Doctors wanted some young lad to look after his two cars, one was a Morris Cowley an open two seater in use every day the other a 12/16 hp open five seater Wolsely. The latter of course would give me some benefit, as I was going to work for this company. It would also give me some idea what a motor car was all about, so I went to see the Doctor and explained my position. At first he was dubious of taking me on

as I might be leaving him anytime within the next six months, but he eventually agreed to take me, on condition that I would give him one months notice that would give him time to look for another boy. My daily hours was from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. each morning and 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. on a Sunday, and I would be paid on a monthly basis of £2.0.0. in arrears. My job consisted of washing down, cleaning and polishing all the brass, such as the Radiator, Head and side lamps, windscreen etc., greasing all round and to give at least one full turn on the grease cups each morning and to keep the tyre pressures up including the spare wheel by a hand pump, now and again the Doctor would like to tinker with the car on his off days such as adjusting the valve clearances, cleaning magneto points, plug taken out cleaned, and burnt out with petrol so as to get rid of any carbon deposits which might have been formed. Sometimes I had the unpleasant necessity to ask him for my money, either he forgot as it was the end of the month, or didn't think I really wanted the cash. I still had time on my hands such as the afternoon and evenings. There was a travelling Cinema show once a week at the Swan Assembly rooms and I made myself known to the owner, his name was a Mr. Barratt and travelled around the Villages during the week to give one nightly show to each. I told him I would like to help him in any way possible. He looked at me with some suspicion enquiring of my age and what my job was of a morning. He told me he wanted somebody to look after the portable generating plant, only a bit more mature than I.

## PETWORTH CINEMA

In connection with the Hotel.

**CHANGE OF PROGRAMME WEEKLY.**

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**TWO PERFORMANCES NIGHTLY,**

**On Thursday, Friday, & Saturday, 6.30 & 8.30.**

**Saturday: Matinee 2.30.**

**POPULAR PRICES - - 3d., 6d., & 1s.**

6d. and 1s. Seats can be reserved at the Hotel.

**PARTIES (LARGE & SMALL) SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.**

Petworth Cinema 1914 vintage. This is the bottom half of an

advertisement for the Swan Hotel. It appeared in an agricultural Show Programme of that year.

This plant was housed and bolted down on the floor of a large Buick van with a canvas roof which was used as a Red Cross Ambulance during the 1914/18 war. It was certain he had been looking out for someone for a considerable time, with a knowledge of engines and Electrical appliances etc. I told him, I knew what a Film Projector was like as I already owned a small home 35mm model. However I really convinced him that he should give me a trial and that I would work for the first week with no pay. He didn't relish this idea and said, "You know a man is always worth his salt what ever job he does," and with that remark he took me on. My duties were from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. each evening by keeping the 5hp two stroke engine running at constant speed by a hand controlled throttle, also to keep the oil drip feed glass container reasonably filled, adjusted so that the engine did not have too little or too much lubrication. This two stroke engine was directly coupled to a Crompton Parkinson D.C. Dynamo producing 70 volts 50 amps and mounted on to a cast iron bedplate. The exhaust pipe protruded several feet skywards from the rear of the van to lessen the noise one usually get from a Two stroke engine. This high speed engine was rather a dirty one. Splashes of oil would cover the floor and make it dangerously slippery especially one wearing rubber soles on their boots. I mentioned this to Mr. Barratt who seemed surprised that I took such keen interest. He soon arranged for a metal guard to be fitted over the exposed flywheel. I brought a piece of three ply wood of the same size and fitted it to the metal guard to save the splashes of oil on to my trousers in spite of wearing a boiler suit. I travelled to Pulborough/Storrington/Billingshurst and cycled home after the show each evening. I did not go to Steyning as cycling that distance in the winter months was much too far. I did not know what my wage packet would be until after my first weeks work. But as Saturday came I was given Fifteen Shillings, so my weekly earnings amounted to 25/- a lot of cash to be able to earn at my age in those days. Within the next two or three weeks I got used to everything. I knew what everything was for, there were times I helped to dismantle the projector and stand also the portable operating box mounted on to the stage in each Village Hall. This projector was of French design made by the famous Pathe Freres Bros. This was a small machine with motor attached and ran as sweet and quiet as a Grand Father clock. At the rear of the stand under the lamp house was a controlled



Petworth Panthers Easter Pram Race - The beginning at The Welliggers.  
Photograph by John Mason.



Petworth Panthers Easter Pram Race - The winners in Petworth Car Park.

Photograph by John Mason.

studded arc resistance with an amp meter attached. The volt meter I had in the van. The lamp house was held in position by a couple of thumb screws to a fixed focus position, the carbons were of low Intensity type. Mr. Barratt informed me this was one of three travelling Cinema's in the Country operating and making their own electricity. Thus keeping up with a Towns Cinema who have a public supply. However the time came when I had to say goodbye to Petworth. It was a little sad to leave both jobs I had so got wrapped up in.

To be continued.

### PETWORTH AND GRAFFHAM

I can remember the Petworth tradesmen coming to Graffham before there were motor-cars. I particularly remember Mr. Bennett the Pound Street bootmaker coming round for orders. He was a rather well-built man and not young then. He came round about once a month just before the Great War. You could order the boots or shoes and they would come out by the carrier. All goods ordered like that the village carrier would bring back when he went into Petworth on Fridays. I remember the carrier and his cart: the old man who used to drive it had a bad leg and he used to hang his bad leg down between the shafts and the horse. Mr. Cooper his name was. Bennett wasn't the only Petworth trader to come round Graffham - far from it. Mr. Dancy the New Street draper would come out and also Stan Eager. There was a clockman too who had a contract to wind the clock over the stables at Lavington once a week. Years ago if the wind was in a certain direction you could hear it striking in Graffham. Jimmy Keen used to come round with groceries for Messrs. Gordon Knight. We boys were rather mischievous and I remember once how he had to come back to Petworth with a load of mistletoe from Lavington and we mixed in some brambles. I don't think he even noticed. A butcher's roundsman used to go to Granny Pratt who made wine. She would give him a drink and he would take so many bottles back to Petworth to sell. Eventually the old lady found that he wasn't taking them all back so she filled one of the bottles with syrup of figs and gave it to him without telling him what was in it.

Dr. Wilson was the first Petworth doctor to have a car but Dr. Beachcroft was our family doctor. My father took ill in 1913 and died in 1918 and Dr. Beachcroft used to cycle out to Graffham to see his patients - my father among them. Otherwise if you wanted a doctor you had to walk into Petworth. It was the same with the post: a man with a grey horse used to collect and deliver letters.

Petworth Post Office used to be in the Square and I can remember getting stamps there.

Few people will now remember the old half-yearly sale they had at Petworth Station in the meadow at the back of the wharf. I don't think it went on after the Great War. There used to be cheap jacks there with clothes and I once bought a mac for 30/- - a lot in those days. Gipsies used to gather there too but it was really a cattle fair.

Between the wars I used to cycle into Petworth to go to the boxing shows at the Iron Room. They didn't start till 6.30 or 7.00 but I would get into Petworth about 6.00 and leave my cycle with Mr. Henley at the Turk's Head. Boxing was on Wednesday night and organised by Mr. Ben Wareham. Sometimes too they had open air shows up by the Fair Field where Mant Road is now. Usually the boxers were men from the services and very tough they were. Some-one would be knocked flat, get up, knock his opponent down and then himself be knocked down once more.

I joined up in 1917 having been gardening up till then. When I came out I was on the dole for a month. The Labour Exchange at that time was a room at the Wheatsheaf Inn, then kept by Mr. Bob Whitcomb. To get the 15/- a week you were allowed you had to have a paper signed by two well-to-do residents and I would bike into Petworth to collect my dole. If you were offered a job that seemed suitable you had to take it or you would lose your dole. Once when I was there a sailor came in and the man behind the desk offered him a job. The sailor said, "I don't know anything about that I'm a sailor. I'll tell you what, you come out of that chair and I'll do your job. I could do that alright." I didn't go to the Exchange for long as I soon got a job as gardener for Sir George and Lady Scott and I stayed there thirty-six years.

Graffham School's headmaster in my time was Mr. Stewart an ex-sergeant-major. The school had two rooms, one big one and a smaller one for the juniors. I can remember Bonar Law coming to open the new village hall - we went to school and then came down from the school for the opening. Mr. Stewart was a nice man; when we got older, if the weather was good and the fox-hounds were meeting on the Downs we'd go off at lunch-time and he wouldn't see us again till the next morning but it didn't seem to worry him much. Club Day was a red-letter day in the year. The village "Club" was a Friendly society to cover illness and disability and "Club Day"

once a year was eagerly awaited. Andrew Smith, the showman, and his son would come to Graffham with his fair, there would be a procession and a church service, then, wearing the club sash we would march down to the meadow by the pub. All those that belonged to the Club would have a sit-down dinner. Club day survived the Great War but membership dwindled between the wars and the funds were finally distributed among the members and the club disbanded. The Graffham Club was run from Southampton and was for men only but you could join as a child and go on to become a full member. The Lodsworth and Heyshott Club Days followed Graffham and my mother, my brothers and I would walk to Lodsworth and Heyshott to join the celebrations. Hospital Sunday was another village event with a collection for the hospitals. I remember Graffham Band too - it was very good - it went once to play at the Crystal Palace and was twelve to fourteen strong.

Albery and Pescod were the two Graffham shops. Alberry being next to the pub. He was a baker but he also sold meat and other things. His brother used to go round Duncton, up to the kennels and down to East Dean and sometimes wouldn't get back till nearly midnight. Pescod was a baker too with Mr. Money doing the baking. Pescod had the post-office too but would also go round with a horse and cart. As to the Graffham pubs - the Woodmans was a beer-house, i.e. it was allowed to sell beer only but not spirits. It went on until the 1930's. It was divided into two parts, one being a tap room. Then there was the White Horse. I remember some people at Graffham Court used to have a pony and trap and the gardener used to drive the trap over to the blacksmith. On the way he would drop in at the White Horse for a drink. One day the owner himself took the pony for a drive. Imagine his surprise when the pony pulled in at the White Horse and stopped dead outside the doors! One Graffham blacksmith had a place by the pub; while another had premises up by the Woodmans. The Foresters used to have a bench that would seat four people and had a lid on. The idea was that when poachers came in they would drop their catch in the seat-box and then sit down on the lid. It would be a brave local bobby who would make them get up to see what was in the seat.

I've seen many Graffham rectors. Mrs. Lascelles I particularly remember but it was a long time ago. He didn't live at the Rectory but down on the Selham Road and used to have young students to teach. He would always have a lot of horses too. I've seen the church so full you couldn't get a seat. Sometimes he would do a marvellous sermon and sometimes he'd just go on and on about his

horses, talking about things like corn and spear-grass. Granny Pratt used to sit in a special seat in the belfry and would always say "Amen" at the end of the hymn, but she would say it in a loud voice at a different time to everyone else. She also used to lay out the dead and I remember one old lady telling her that her husband wasn't likely to last the night. "I'll come round in the morning," said the old lady, "but if he isn't dead by nine o'clock I can't do it. I've got to be pig-killing all morning."

When I first went to work in 1914 I got 5/- a week. My mistress would go off hunting in the morning, get back about half-past six or seven in the evening. I would then have to wash the horse all over and scrub its hooves. She'd see it was done properly too! I often wasn't finished till ten at night so it was a long day. Lord Leconfield was a great one for hunting and he always rather wanted my mistress' mare which was very quick but she would never agree to part with it. In the end we disagreed about taking the horse into Midhurst. Ambersham was flooded and I would have had to walk the horse through the floods. I didn't.

In some ways people have the wrong idea about the gentry. They could be hard but they could also be kind. I remember one old man who lost his job and had great arthritic knobs on his fingers. His brother got him a job on the Lavington Estate. He had to watch the bullocks and make sure they didn't go on to the lawns. It used to flood in the meadows and Lord Woolavington looked and saw the bullocks roaming all over his lawn. "Who's supposed to be looking after the bullocks?" he demanded. "I am, my lord," said the old man, "but I can't go down to the meadows because I need a new pair of shoes." He got them.

Stations were important then. Ricketts the Petworth carriers used to go to Petworth Station, take off goods, and bring them out. Albery's would collect coal from the station and had wagon and horses out at the back for that purpose. Pescods too collected their grocery - this time from Selham. When Mr. Pescod hadn't got anything he would always say it was "waiting down at the station". I've seen eight or ten milk floats waiting at Selham to load milk onto the train. Sometimes they'd come from as far away as Lickfold. At Petworth the horse-bus used to meet all trains.



The old crafts still flourished in those days. Hoops for barrels were made at Graffham, also bunts and faggots and bavins. When Pescod had the bakehouse he used to buy stacks of "bunts", the small faggots that give off an intense heat. Trugs were made of ash shaved like hoops and put in water to curve them. Then a rim would be put on. The gipsies used to work the woods too.

I always wondered how they got a besom pole to remain firm so that the head didn't get loose. I asked an old gipsy and he said, "Ah, that's the secret" and wouldn't tell me. When the besom finally wore down I took it to pieces and found they'd packed heather up round the pole - so that the pointed part of the stake held. Clothes pegs I soon learned to make from willow. The gipsies tended to camp either just past Herringbroom going toward Petworth or at Poultry Farm. The caravans would stop for so long and they would come round with brooms and pegs. Usually they'd accept payment in kind - like some potatoes for a broom or a set of clothes pegs. They would always stop where there was a good head of willow and they never interfered with people.

Ralph Hamilton was talking to Bill Vincent and the Editor.

#### PETWORTH HOUSE LAUNDRY BEFORE THE WAR

My uncle Alfred Purser had been the watchman at Petworth House; he lived in the "house in the wall" in North Street and patrolled the House at night, so I was quite used to the House from an early age through going to visit him. Laundrymaids usually came from away but there was no reason why a local girl shouldn't apply and I was very near home, living as I did just a few hundred yards further down from Lord Leconfield's laundry which stood on the corner of Horsham Road. I remember going to see Mrs. Liversedge the housekeeper; I had an appointment in her room. She had a big picture on the wall and when she heard that my name was Purser she pointed it out and said, "Are you any relation of hers? It's funny, it doesn't matter where I sit, that woman's eye is always on me" - and indeed it was - wherever you were in that room Elizabeth Purser would be looking at you. I think she must have been a housekeeper years ago. I don't know if she really was a relation of mine but it's quite possible. My husband saw the picture years later when he was working at the House, but I don't know what's happened to it now. Before I could start Lady Leconfield had to see me in my pink and white striped dress with white apron, black stockings and black shoes and I had to wait from 9 o'clock till gone 2 in the afternoon in the

housemaid's sitting room before her ladyship finally appeared. I was approved. When I had first told my mother I wanted to work at the laundry my mother said, "If you hear strange things of a night, particularly from the tunnel, it will be to do with a laundrymaid murdered there by a footman years ago". So my grandmother had always told her, but I never heard anything all the time I was there. The tunnel ran under the road and laundry was brought through it from the House to the laundry.

I can certainly remember my first day there. Being the fourth laundrymaid I had to do the food for them all. "Can you make a castle pudding?" asked the head laundrymaid. As it happened I could. I was beating up the butter and sugar as she was talking, put it into a basin, tied it down and put it on to cook. "This is funny," they said when we came to serve it up. "It's full of water." I'd forgotten the flour. Then instead of laying supper we thought we'd have mulligatawny soup - I put my bowl on the couch and the cat jumped in it!

The wages were £1.12.6. a month but we also had 18/- a week towards our keep. We used to have milk free and Mr. Streeter would send down vegetables from the Gardens. If we had anything over from the housekeeping money we would share it out. Every Sunday three of us would go to church, while the other cooked the meal. We'd all sit at the back of the church with the other household staff. We were expected to go even at this time. We used to like to look at people's hats. I particularly remember one pointed hat with two coloured baubles that always amused us. Most of the girls came from away, one was from Suffolk while the head laundrymaid was from the Scilly Isles. Being the fourth laundrymaid I had to get up at six o'clock to open the gate for the odd man, then I would clean out the sitting-room and the fireplaces, cook breakfast and get the others up. What did we have? Cereal like grapenuts or cornflakes, eggs, plenty of milk of course - we used to live comfortably on the eighteen shillings. There were three bedrooms - one for the head laundrymaid, one for the second laundrymaid, while the third and fourth shared. There were fires in the bedrooms so it was quite comfortable. I remember the night King George V died we sat in the head laundrymaid's room all night. Actually we weren't allowed to have a wireless but the head laundrymaid had bought a portable and we had the wireless on while we were working. Someone heard the wireless and reported that we had men in the laundry and the house-keeper came down to see what was going on!

The dirty laundry used to come down in big wicker baskets in a van

driven by Mr. George Cross. We didn't do the servants' washing but we would do things like dusters and tea-cloths. Mr. Cross used to bring it down. I remember the muslin particularly; we didn't dare to crease it and used to have to carry it spread out. Part of the laundry floor was wooden and part stone and the wooden part had to be kept scrubbed. The washing would be dried inside on extending metal bars over the stove or simply dried outside on clothes lines. Tea-cloths and suchlike might in summer be laid outside to bleach them. Mangling was done in a room just off the main laundry-room and the odd man used to turn the wheel. The actual washing was done in coppers in the washroom and another of the odd man's jobs was to keep the coppers stoked. Underneath the fire you could hear the crickets but it was the cockroaches I hated. There were seven switches on the wall and I'd run my hand down all seven at once to put all the lights on and scare the cockroaches away. We would try to keep to a routine - set days for washing or ironing but it didn't always work out. Sometimes we had to rush things because they were needed by the House. Everything had to be hand-scrubbed with carbolic soap. If there were a lot of guests there would of course be a lot of sheets. All the sheets and everything were accounted for and separately listed. There were pillow slips and sheets with little box pleats - often the tea-cloths would be filthy when they came down. We had a kind of early spin-drier called a "hydro" - quite an innovation in those days. It was a big machine with a handle: we would pack all the clothes round in it and two of us would swing the handle round and round. Then when it finally got going we'd have to jump quickly out of the way. The water of course went all over the floor and had to be mopped up afterwards but we found the "hydro" quite useful. We had special little irons for shirt fronts and boiled shirts and we'd polish them to make them shine using beeswax. We used the old 7 lb. irons for the ordinary ironing.

Every Christmas we would go up into the servants' hall at the House for tea with the housemaids, stillroom maids, footmen and other servants. I remember once the footmen chasing us round with itching powder and I can remember coming down North Street about midnight after a Christmas dance in the Audit Room. After I was married I worked at Mrs. Cullen's private laundry just a few yards from the Leconfield laundry. She gave me five shillings a day and I would bike in from Colhook. Her clientele were the gentry and the doctors - people like that, and she'd always give me cocoa at half-past two.

Mrs. Eileen Southin was talking to Mrs. Walters and the Editor.

## RECIPE FOR COOKING A BOAR'S HEAD, JANUARY 1701/2

The following instructions on how to cook a boar's head were issued by the Duke of Somerset himself to his cook at Petworth House in January 1701/2:-

Cut off the head near the points of the shoulders, leaving the neck very fair and long. Burn off the hair pretty close over a stove hole. Sweep it off with a clean dry scrub broom. Then having a red-hot Peele\*, scorch the hair clearly off that none be left to appear in sight. Be not afraid to scorch the skin, for the blacker it looks the better. Then wash & cleanse it clean from blood. Then tie it up in a clean coarse cloth then put him into the little copper in the kitchen, and keep him always covered with liquor made after this manner.

4 quarts of the strong beer vinegar  
4 quarts of claret  
Salt, what quantity will make it pretty savoury  
8 ounces of black pepper  
1 ounce of cloves  
half a pound of juniper berries  
bayleaves, rosemary, thyme, of each a good handful

To the above said wine & vinegar add as much water as will fill up that copper. Then make fire & when it boils keep it on gently & do not let it boil too fast. I believe 5 or 6 hours may boil it, but let it not boil too fast for that will tear it to pieces. It must be boiled as tender as brawn.

Preserve the liquor & put in into a barrell.

And when liquor & head is cold put the head into it, but be sure there be liquor enough to cover the head, if not, boil up more.

\*Peele - baker's shovel for putting bread in the oven.

Alison McCann

This note is reprinted from "West Sussex History" - the journal of the West Sussex Archives Society with the Editor's permission.

## EDWIN SAUNDERS RECOLLECTS (2)

### THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO PETWORTH 1899.

The Prince of Wales who was King Edward in the future came to this little town for shooting and had a great shoot and he gave the keeper five gold coins - gold was in use in those days. I knew the gamekeeper very well and he told me many times about it. It is a good many years ago when this happened. I remember seeing the Prince of Wales as he was leaving the little town. Everyone thought it was wonderful the Prince coming to this little town.

### TWO POACHING BROTHERS

I knew two brothers who were old hands at poaching. They had a good dog to help them. Hares and pheasants they would try for and they would even poach the river for fish. They saw a very large fish in the river one day too big for rod and line so they made a net and when all was ready down the river they went and caught this large fish and it turned out to be a royal sturgeon. It was very strange how it got into the river but it did. They had this fish stuffed and I have seen it several times and do doubt it was a fine fish. How it lived in the river I don't know for a sturgeon is a sea fish and the river is fresh water.... One of the brothers carried a piece of glass in his pocket and when he wanted a smoke with his pipe he would put the glass over his pipe and hold it in the sun and draw it with his mouth and he soon had it alight. I have seen him do it many times and he told me it was a very old custom. It had been known for a good many years.

### HARD WINTERS AND THE RUSSIAN WAR

I was very young when I started to work with my father and he was getting on in years. He could remember the Russian War in 1856. I have heard him talk about the war many times and that is a few years ago. He told me too about the hard winters they used to have.... He couldn't work for 13 weeks because the frost was so bad and one of the worst winters was 1881. They couldn't work.... there was no state relief: they had parish relief but not money - it was in kind. You have to get tickets to give to the various trades people. There were no old age pensions - that came later.

To be continued

## NEW MEMBERS JOINED SINCE LAST BULLETIN

Mr. C.F. Baigent, 22 Martlett Road, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. M.B. Boreham, The Old Rectory, Sutton, Pulborough.  
Mrs. C.M. Budd, "Camelia", 2 Park Rise, Petworth.  
Mr. V.L. Carver, 10 Berryman Drive, Modbury 5092, South Australia.  
Mrs. M. Carr, Ivy Cottage, Balls Cross, Petworth.  
Mrs. I. Charman, 1 Yew Tree Flats, Horsham Road, Cranleigh.  
Mrs. M. Clarke, 23 Ernest Road, Bedhampton, Hants.  
Mr. & Mrs. P. Durrant, 5 Dawtrey Road, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. P. Elliott, 3 Crofton, Lion Lane, Haslemere.  
Mr. R.A.F. Ford, The Forge, Graffham, Petworth.  
Miss P. Furber, 29 Greatpin Croft, Fittleworth.  
Mrs. M. Gane, 1st Gardeners Cottage, Burton Mill, Petworth.  
Mr. C. Godwin, Testers, Upperton, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. Greenfield, 42 Golden Ridge, Freshwater, I.O.W.  
Mr. R.W. Illius, Pitts Garden, Fittleworth.  
Mr. B. Jackson, 2 Little Bognor, Fittleworth.  
Mrs. W. James, Lower House Farm, West Burton, Pulborough.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Kent, Aldborough Hatch, Byworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. J. Lentner, 15 Priors close, Beeding, Nr. Steyning.  
Miss K. Meachen, 5 Thompsons, North Street, Petworth.  
Mr. T. Miles, Badgers Cottage, Graffham, Sussex.  
Mr. & Mrs. A. Peacock, Sundew Cottage, Northmead, North Street,  
Petworth.  
  
Mrs. J. Penfold, 328B Percy Row, Petworth.  
Mr. & Mrs. E. Robbins, Ivy cottage, Duncton.  
Miss N. Sadler, 81 Loddon Way, Ash, Aldershot.  
Mrs. E.M. Southin, 241A The Greyhound, London Road, Petworth.  
Mrs. R. Staker, 2 Grove Lane, Petworth.  
Mrs. R. Thompson, 18 Rothermead, Petworth.  
Mrs. Thorpe, 5 Luffs Meadow, Northchapel.  
Mr. C. Venning, Fox Hill House, Sutton, Pulborough.  
Mr. G. Webb, Magnolia Cottage, Pound Street, Petworth.  
Mrs. Welman, Haslands Farm, Barlavington, Pulborough.  
Mrs. V.M. James, 27 Louis Fields, Fairlands, Guildford.

### PLEASE NOTE

In the interests of economy, any receipts for annual subscriptions that we are unable to deliver by hand will be included with your next Bulletin.

Joan Boss.



